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H. S. VAN EATON, Editor.

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POETICAL.

There is something beautifully pious and tender in that word of sad import "Adieu." That is, "May God guard you—to God I commit you." Perhaps there was never given a more beautiful apology for negligence in epistolary correspondence than that tendered by a German to his betrothed: "Remember that one gives no other answer to the rose, for its precious fragrance, than to inhale it with delight."

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu,
To things familiar but my heart
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it shall ne'er be spoken.

WIFE AND HOME.

BY A BENEDICT.

Ain—"A man's a man, for a' that."

Let rakes extol a roving life,
Of freedom prate, and all that,
Of noisy brawls and scolding wife,
And doctor's bills, and all that;
Though fools may rail, and just and scoff,
A wife's the thing, for all that;
The time, they'll find, is not far off,
When so they'll think, for all that.

'Tis true, when youth and fortune smile,
And health is firm, and all that;
When wine and song, and dance beguile—
Variety, and all that;
When every place, where'er you roam
Has jolly friends, and all that;
You want for neither wife nor home,
No sympathy, nor all that.

But age comes on with stealthy pace,
And sober thoughts, and all that;
Trouble will show his frowning face,
Sickness, and pain, and all that;
The feast, the bowl, will lose their powers,
And revelry, and all that;
Then shall we need, to cheer the hours,
A wife, a home, and all that.

Oh! "when misfortune clouds the brow,"
Disease and death, and all that,
Then "woman, then an angel thou,"
To soothe and cheer, and all that;
Thy gentle cares beguile our pains,
Our sleepless nights, and all that;
Thy voice thy sighing soul sustains,
With hope and trust and all that.

The Countess of Teba and the Empress Eugene.

Hardly five years ago a little Frenchman of rather unprepossessing appearance, and in very straitened circumstances, lived in furnished lodgings in Jernyn street, London. The name of Bonaparte and the friendship of one or two leading English Statesmen, had procured him the use of several of the first houses; and he might occasionally be seen in the outskirts of the three thousand, surrounded by the belles or notabilities of the West End balls. Notwithstanding the rather equivocal fame acquired by two unsuccessful attempts to invade France, the position occupied by Mr. Bonaparte was rather obscure than otherwise. Among those who knew him at all, politicians regarded him as a madman, the nobility as a parvenu, the ultra-English as a nephew of their greatest enemy, old men as a prodigal, and mamma as a ruined spendthrift. Small encouragement did he receive when he mingled in the crowd of fashionables at some fair lady's court; cold indifference, and not infrequently, haughty disdain, were the usual acknowledgments of his civilities. Duchesses and Marchionesses took the measure as they thought, of the needy adventures at a glance, and immediately clasped him among the non-availables; nor were the queens of beauty and tonless decided in excluding him from a sphere reserved to the ancient aristocracy of Europe. Madame de Montijo, who was then in London and overwhelmed by significant attentions from dukes and peers, was too shrewd to find attraction in his society; and her daughter, the beautiful Countess of Teba, could not possibly find time to listen to the French exile, when the wealthy Duke Ossuna and the courtly Marquis de San Jago were sighing at her feet. More than once, if rumor be true, did he muster up courage to join the select circle, of her admirers, and strive to attract her notice by the intellectual power he could display in conversation; but there was a mildness in her manner and lady-like indifference in her smile, which soon repelled his advances.

Five years had elapsed. The quondam adventurer was seated on purple throne, and surrounded by the insignia of imperial state—around him stood the greatest personages of France, and the representatives of more than one of the leading powers of Europe. The Countess of Teba, whose matured but unimpaired beauty eclipsed the fairest ornaments of the French court, stood before him. He beckoned her to a seat, and his master of ceremonies, with courtly suavity, directed her mother, to stand behind the chair. We can well conceive the ill-disguised exultation with which the bride, who, five years before, had affected an air of well bred fatigue at M. Bonaparte's attentions, pronounced to the world: "I declare that I take his Majesty, Napoleon III., here present, in marriage." We can form a tolerably fair estimate of the astounding change which the last five years have produced in the Countess de Montijo's feelings, by contrasting her disdainful recognition of her humble acquaintance in London, with the triumphant smile she wore as she stood on his left at his marriage. Nor is the disparity between the timid suitor of 1848 and the proud husband of 1853, less marked. Neither the old Court of the Bourbons, nor the former imperial regime, ever furnished Paris with a more imposing spectacle than the ceremony at Notre Dame. Splendid equipages, jewelled toilets, squadrons of horse, regiments of infantry, ancient nobles, venerable prelates, and an innumerable concourse of people, combined to stamp the recollection of the day on the minds of the nation. The Emperor's marriage was a national fête. The departments vied with each other in fulsome congratulation. The city of Paris offered the bride a necklace worth 600,000 francs. Four thousand prisoners were graciously restored to liberty, and vague hints of a more friendly treatment of the Orleans family were thrown out by the court. Rumor was pregnant with prophecies of the auspicious results of the marriage. Commercial men saw in it a guaranty of peace; respectable citizens, a barrier to revolution; the arts, a new era of fostering care; society, a pledge of honor, morality, and virtue. France hailed with transports an empress of plebeian blood; and even England applauded the monarch who had the courage to obey the dictates of his feelings, and boast to Europe that he was a parvenu.

All this excitement was created by the announcement that the little Frenchman who, five years before, had been cut by his aristocratic acquaintances, and besieged by his tailor and boot maker in his lodging in Jernyn street, had resolved to love his neighbors, and taken unto himself a wife. Few romances possess such a thrilling interest as the biographies of the rulers of France during the nineteenth century. He would be a bold writer who would venture to portray such startling vicissitudes in a work of fiction. A young Corsican rises from a lieutenant in the artillery to the command of the army in Italy, and thence to the Consulate and the Empire. For a few years the world is at his feet. Power, fame, money, popularity overwhelm him. A single reverse turns the tide; he falls—and dies a miserable captive on a barren rock. Louis XVIII. was in the meridian of life when the revolution drove him from his native land. A helpless, imbecile wanderer through Europe for many years—now recognized as a king by the Czar, now ordered to leave the Russian territories in a week—expelled ignominiously from Warsaw, and received with more pity than sympathy in England—he had drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs before fortune replaced on the throne of France, and it was but just that he should die in peace.

Charles X. bore in his youth no slight resemblance to the Regent whose licentious pleasures he shared. The revolution converted the debauchee into a bigot. Had he not become a king he might have made a good inquisitor. Raised him from the confessional to the throne, his new dignity sat awkwardly upon him; he tempted fate for six years, and when folly, obstinacy, tyranny had wrought their own cure, he embraced once more, with creditable equanimity, the calling for which nature had designed him, and died in sackcloth at Edinburg.

On Louis Philippe the trials of his youth produced beneficial results. He proved himself a good soldier, a sound counsellor, and even a successful school master. A convenient forgetfulness of principle crowned him the "citizen king"; and for sixteen years he enjoyed peace, prosperity, and the general esteem of the world. These but delay the fatal blow; his time came, and his last hours were passed in poverty at Claremont.

Half the career of Napoleon III. is spent. He has traveled and learnt much, suffered much, imprisonment, and contumely; he is now on the pinnacle of greatness. Who shall prophetically complete the unfinished sketch?

Miss Gould, the poetess, gives a ludicrous incident of the "mistakes of the press," in reference to a poem she had sent to a country editor. She says:

"For the dew-drop that falls upon the freshly-blown rose."

The nasty beast made it, from "freshly-blown roses!"

"I Have no Time to Read."

None! No half hours, no spare moments, even! Not! But you have time to eat, drink and provide for the supply of all your physical wants. You have time to build houses, shops and stores, and to labor for money which you accumulate until you are rich, or spend in sensual pleasure and remain poor. You have time to shelter from heat and cold, a body that will walk but for a little season upon the earth and then be buried in its bosom. You may have time to adorn it with purple and fine linen, or it may be covered with coarse attire, and although it possesses the beauty of Apollo or the strength of Hercules, it will soon be dust under the feet of the living. Do you sometimes forget that this outer man dies, while the soul lives forever, and in too great anxiety for the comfortable support of the one forget the importance of the other?

Do you say, men of strong muscles and sinewy arms—men who plough the ground, and fashion wood and iron and brass into articles of convenience and luxury, that you have no time to read, and therefore no time to think? Are there no hearts within your breasts that sometimes beat with noble impulses, and have you not minds that return an abundant harvest for the seeds of knowledge sown within them? The farmer who tills the soil will do so the more successfully, if he can analyze its properties, and thus ascertain the kind of grains to which it is best adapted. The mechanic who best understands those scientific principles that are connected with his trade, will wield his tools with an ability that leaves his competitor far behind him. The guide who every stroke of the hammer strikes an eye beaming with intelligence; the other brings to his labor only the strength which he shares in common with the lower animals of creation. The one is well informed upon the current topics of the day, has an intelligent opinion in relation to politics, and casts his vote according to his own judgment; the other is carried away by popular excitement and falls an easy prey to the wiles of the partisan and the demagogue. The one exercises a powerful conservative influence in favor of law and order; the others swell the mob, and manifests his unfitness to share in the government of others by failing to govern himself.

Do you say you have no time to read for your own sake and to satisfy the noble thirst for whom it is your special duty to live wisely. There are some families where children gather around cheerful firesides at evening hours, and receive instruction from the lips of parents and elder brothers and sisters; not perhaps in formal question and answer like a school, but with a quick and ready tact that obtains stores of valuable information from cheerful and intelligent conversation.

Let us not complain because others have greater riches and honors than ourselves, for where there are no laws of primogeniture, and no hereditary riches, riches and honors are the rewards of industry and perseverance. In this country only vice and ignorance are disgraceful, while labor is respected and honored. The printer-boy who sat up all night to read borrowed books that were to be returned by morning, conquered the lighting and was courted and admired by the most polished circles of Europe; and the young blacksmith, whose classical education began with a Latin grammar at the forge, became a welcome visitor in the first literary circles at home and abroad.

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are the habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character, but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

N. Y. Reville.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT.—Gregory, of Nyssa, one of the Greek Christian Fathers, and brother of Basil, the Great, gives expression as follows, to the softer and more profound emotions of one who felt the mysteries of Christianity.

When I see every rocky ledge, every valley and plain, covered with new fresh verdure, the variegated foliage of the trees, and the lilies on the ground gifted by beneficent nature with the combined attractions of odor and color; when I see the blue ocean at a distance, toward which the clouds seem to be floating on their way through Heaven, my soul is possessed of a melancholy which is not entirely without a sense of enjoyment. When the fruits have withered away in Autumn, and the leaves fallen to the earth, and the boughs of trees deprived of their green garniture, wave dry and shrivelled, we are led instinctively in the midst of the everlasting and regular changes of Nature, to feel the harmony of those wondrous powers which inform the things. He who contemplates them with the eye of the spirit, recognizes the littleness of men surrounded by the wondrous magnificence of the Universe!

COFFEE IN WESTERN AFRICA.—The whole land is covered with coffee. In Eravai and Kaffa, 200 lbs. can be purchased for about a dollar. A single tree in Moravia yielded four and a half bushels in the hull at one time, which made 31 lbs. when shelled and dried. The celebrated Mocha coffee comes from the southern parts of Africa. So says an exchange paper.

Mistake of American Youth.

It is a grand mistake into which many American youth fall, that manual labor is not honorable. To be a merchant, a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a military or a naval officer, or a ship-master, is, in their esteem, much more honorable than it is to be a mechanic or a farmer. It cannot be denied that all these other occupations require exertion. The doctor is oftentimes quite as weary when his day's work is done, as the farmer or blacksmith can be; but he is not half so sure of a quiet night's sleep as they are, and we all know to what hardships engineers are exposed, as well as persons who follow the seas.

We often see vigorous young men seeking places as clerks in stores. They all hope, (and generally expect,) some favorable tide in the affairs of life, which "will lead them on to fortune." Other men have accumulated vast sums of money in buying and selling goods, why not I? is the language they use. They rarely consider that but a very small number of those who embark ever complete the voyage. Where one succeeds, the fifty, perhaps a hundred, fail.

But an industrious, thrifty farmer seldom fails to secure for himself and family the comforts of life. The skillful and practical mechanic, too, is generally sure of a remuneration for his labor. And, with common prudence, he can provide a competence for the future. That princely fortune can be heaped up by handling the plow, the jack plain, or the sledge we do not say; nor is it pretended that men are as likely to acquire fame on the farm or at the work-bench, as at the bar. But the history of the world will show, that the men who have done most for the welfare of their race, and whose memories are cherished with the most respect, came from the hard-working ranks. Princely fortunes are more easily wasted than won, and while the moderate possessions of the farmer or mechanic supply all the comforts of life, they are attended with few temptations to luxury or extravagance, and still fewer risks from the folly or fraud of others.

There can be no doubt that agricultural employment are the most natural to men, and there is no country on the globe in which the facilities for pursuing these employments are so great as in the United States. It requires but a very small outlay of money to obtain a respectable farm to begin with. A good knowledge of the methods of husbandry can be easily acquired. The implements of labor are as good and as cheap as can be found the world over. The products of the earth are sold at a good market, and one which is easily reached. The title of land is well secured, and large monopolies, such as some of the countries of the old world are burdened with, can never exist here. What greater encouragement can be asked by one who only desires to live comfortably and independently?

The farmer—that honest, goodly farmer—is one of the most independent men in the wide world. He has the promise of the great Creator that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. He may always plow in hope and reap with joy. To till the earth, then, is really an honorable—a noble calling.

But it does not require that a man should be enslaved to the plow, nor that he should make companions of his sheep and oxen. The shrewdest and most intelligent men, who sit on our juries and help make our laws, come from their farms and return to them as soon as their public duties terminate. The good sense, sobriety, contentment, industry, and love of order which characterize our American farmers, are (under God) among the most important safeguards of public peace and prosperity. We hope our young friends will ever esteem an honest and intelligent farmer, as a most honorable citizen.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

DICK CRISP tells the following story about snoring: Says he, my Uncle P— was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it, it soothed her to repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years, at length my uncle was compelled to attend court at some distance. The first night after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink—she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way, without sleep. She was getting in a bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of the servant girl—she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once.

One of the Washington correspondents describing men and things in Washington, just now remarks: "There are but few young men in the crowd now at Washington. Full three-fourths of the persons at the hotels are men over 45 years of age, and it is a rare thing to hear a man addressed, except as 'Judge,' 'Colonel,' 'Major,' 'General,' or at least 'Captain.'"

"I've three cents left," said a loafer,—"so I'll buy a paper with it."

"What paper will you buy?" said a friend curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance.

"A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.

The county clerk of St. Charles county found that he had lost many a fee by persons promising to call again and settle. He therefore adopted the following plan in order to secure himself. In administering the oath he would give it thus:

"You swear that the contents of this paper are correct and true to the best of your knowledge and belief. You owe me fifty cents, so help you God."

The Follies of Great Men.

Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox.

Dr. Johnston would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost.

Julius Caesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise.

To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors.

Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced.

Marshall Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony.

Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

The story of the great Frenchman, Malesbranche, is well known, and is well authenticated. He fancied that he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose—No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman visiting him adopted this plan to cure him of his folly; he approached him with the intention of embracing him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malesbranche expressed regret. The friend went on: "May I not remove the incumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking from under his cloak a superb leg of mutton, raised it in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malesbranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free; my head is free; but—but—it was raw, and that is cooked!" "Truly; but then you have been seated near the fire; that must be the reason." Malesbranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

An Astoppel.

The early history of the jurisprudence of Michigan, if faithfully chronicled (it would require the pen of an Irving to do it) would furnish forth an entertainment abounding with the soul and point of humor. Many of these little legends yet float around the scenes which gave birth to them, and serve sometimes to give rest to a bar dinner, or to enliven a bar meeting. Among them is the following:

"Judge B—, a plain and worthy man, but no lawyer, was once County Judge of Oakland, under the old system. A cause came on for trial before him on one occasion, in which the action was founded in tort, and the plea of the defendant, which was special, was such as to give him the affirmative of the issue, upon the strength of which he claimed the right to open and close the case. This point was denied by the counsel for the plaintiff, 'who never in the whole course of his practice had heard of such an enormity as the defendant's presuming to open the case.' Authorities were brought and cited, however, and the Judge, after mature consideration, determined that such was the defendant's right, and so pronounced his decision. After a short pause during which the plaintiff was grumbling his dissatisfaction, the court told the defendant's lawyer to go on.

"Your honor," said he, rising, "I am not quite ready to open this case—when I get ready I will let the other side know." This opened, if not the case, at least the eyes and mouth of the "other side"—who sprang to his feet and belabored forth an awful denunciation upon the profound stupidity of the Judge, whose absurd decision had placed him in such a dilemma. "You see, your honor, what you have done—you have actually placed my case in the hands of the defendant. He took possession of our oxen, and when we brought an action to recover them, he took possession of that also!" "I can't help it sir," said the learned Judge, with great sternness—"The decision is made, and it is too late to alter it, the law must take its course. You must withdraw your action, and sue again."

"If he does, your honor," said the defendant's counsel, "I shall plead the pendency of this action in bar and beat him. Then Mr. ——" said the Judge, "I see no other way for you but to sit down quietly and wait till the defendant gets ready to try this cause." The plaintiff took the Judge's advice, but the "time appointed" has never "elapsed," and he is waiting yet.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

ADVENTUROUS BOYS.—The *Gazette* of the 20th ult. says:

On Saturday last there passed through Galena by stage two boys, one of four and the other seven years of age. They left the county of Clare, Ireland, the first of January, for Dubuque, and came the whole way unattended by relatives or particular friends. When they left New York on their journey westward, they had but \$2.50 with which to pay their expenses; but when they arrived at Chicago the sum had grown to six dollars. Weakness and confiding faith are often a surer protection than strength. Whatever may be the defects in the American character, at the present time, a want of sympathy is not one of them.

What the impulse of genius is to the great, the instinct of vacation is to the mediocre; in every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best there is a lodestone.

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is not island, out off from other islands, but a continent that joins them."

Gen. Jackson's Reminiscences of the Battle of New Orleans.

'Philo Jackson' writes to the Savannah Journal an interesting account of a visit to Gen. Jackson at the hermitage in 1839, from which we extract the following:

I longed to hear him speak of his great battle, and one of the greatest battles too of modern history, the crowning exploit of his military life, the battle of the 8th of January before New Orleans. He had just returned from his last visit to that city, and lamented the decay of his old companions since that battle. All the officers except Col. Tiebout, he observed, were dead. He then graphically described the field, the fortifications, as he laughingly called them, and the victory, in a manner I shall never forget. "Mr. Eaton, (said Gen. Jackson,) has greatly erred in his description of the American works. He says I had a strong breast work of cotton bales. There was not a bag of cotton on the field, Sir. I had some store boxes and bags filled with sand, and these were extended along the lines; but they were so low that at the close of the action, when the British surviving General, in command came riding up on an elegant horse, to surrender his sword when he got near me, I heard him exclaim, with mortified surprise 'Barriades! by — I could leap them with my horse!' I laughed heartily at his astonishment, for so he could be—and besides on one wing the work was not completed—I had nothing there but a cornfield fence, if the British had only known to turn it! By keeping my men constantly throwing over fences and leaders on the works, the British were effectually deceived. But, (continued Gen. J.) I never had so grand and awful an idea of the Resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat, (our men were in hot pursuit of the flying enemy,) then I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from heaps of their dead comrades all over the plain—rising up, and more distinctly visible as the field became clearer, coming forward, and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire on them, without having received a scratch, and lay prostrate as if dead till the close of the action." Gen. Jackson regarded this action, justly, as the most glorious achievement of his life. That victory was as glorious to his country as to the hero of New Orleans—yet the strategy of the General in his masterly battle has never been duly appreciated in any history of it I have ever read.

How the New Yorkers got their Assay Office.

Theta, the Washington correspondent, of the Philadelphia *North American*, under date of the 3rd ult., gives the following amusing incident in the count of the vote on the New York mint bill:

By the way, the story goes that New York owes this victory to an accident, "the Mint" being the object under discussion, the train of thought, quite a goodly portion of the assembled wisdom naturally recurred to mint juleps, and from mint juleps to brandy cocktails and gin bitters, and Monongahela and Bourbon whiskey, and other like et ceteras, the consequence of which was numerous visits to a neighboring bar-room. The discussion having come to an end, and the third house having monopolized so many of the members that the Speaker was doubtful if a quorum was present, the vote was taken by a "division," and the Senate amendment declared to be carried in without counting the nays—the ayes being only about 60. The count was thereupon called, and while it was going on, a certain Pennsylvania member who had imbibed so freely that he felt extremely good-natured, and forgot that he, as well as the whole of your delegation, were aware of the New York project, entered his seat, but continued standing, apparently trying to make out, to his own satisfaction, whether there were two Speakers in the chair, or only one. Col. Florence, who is always on the look-out when Pennsylvania matters are on the carpet, saw that his colleague was in imminent danger of being counted in favor of New York, and rushed to the aid of his friend. "Sit down, my dear sir! sit down!—don't you see you'll be counted!" exclaimed Florence, frantically, at the same time trying to pull the delinquent down in his chair. "Mind—your—own—business, Florence!" (hic!)—"mind your own business!" retorted. "Don't you suppose I know what I'm doing?" "Sit down, for God's sake,"—your constituents will ride you on a rail, if you give New York the Mint by your vote!" "Mint be cursed, Florence!" "Don't you know that mint is out of season now!—mint be cursed!—I'll stand up as long as I like!"—a taberness prevailed, and the amendment prevailed also, for Florence, in his eagerness to get his colleague down, forgot that he was up himself; the consequence of which was that both he and his friend were counted in the affirmative, and the bill thus became a law. I don't profess to give the exact words of the two members, but only the spirit of the conversation.

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